

and the heart is hard to translate (it has a language of its own) by hypocondrisnac (birdseyeview)

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King, Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe, Alternate Universe - Character Swap, Alternate Universe - Stranger Things Fusion, As One Does, Bodyswap, Dreamsharing, Eleven knows whats up, Eleven | Jane Hopper Has Powers, F/F, Fluff and Angst, Implied Relationships, M/M, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Rated T for Trashmouth, Stranger Things Spoilers, The Author Regrets Nothing, Title from a Florence + the Machine Song, bev also knows whats up, no beta we die like men, richie and mike switch bodies!, the turtle doesnt have a huge role in the fic he just messes up the multiverse then dies!, will edit chapters as they are posted

Language: English

Characters: Becky Ives, Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Claudia Henderson, Demogorgon (Stranger Things), Dustin Henderson, Eddie Kaspbrak, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Holly Wheeler, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Lucas Sinclair's Parents, Maturin | The Turtle, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Hanlon, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Pennywise (IT), Richie Tozier, Shadow Monster | Mind Flayer, Stanley Uris, Steve Harrington, Ted Wheeler, Terry Ives, Will Byers

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

On October 14th, Richie Tozier disappeared. He went missing from

his bed in Derry, and was nowhere to be found in the surrounding area.

On October 14th, Mike Wheeler disappeared. He went missing from his home in Hawkins, and despite his family searching the woods, there was no sign of him.

On October 17th, Mike Wheeler was found in the woods outside of Hawkins, seemingly having suffered head trauma. He insisted his name was "Richie Tozier", and continued to ask for someone by the name of "Eddie Kaspbrak".

On October 17th, Richie Tozier was found in the Barrens, missing his glasses, and seeming disoriented. He showed no sign of recognizing his friends and family, and continually asked to be taken to Hawkins, Indiana. There is no record of such a town existing.

“An answer gone unanswered will be answered in a parallel universe. Existence is classified in unrecorded dimensions.”

1. long road to ruin

Summary for the Chapter:

“Alright, I think we’re operating on two different wavelengths here. Let’s get a few formalities out of the way.” Richie stuck out his hand. “Hi, I’m Richie Tozier, me and my friends defeated an immortal demonic child eating clown the other week. How are you?”

The boy crinkled his nose, shaking Richie’s hand hesitantly. “I’m Mike Wheeler, me and my friends killed an interdimensional monster that kidnapped my friend”

On October 14th Richie Tozier disappeared. The shockwave his disappearance sent rippling through Derry sent his friends jerking awake, not entirely sure why. When Richie turned up missing the next day, none of them thought anything of it. At least, not until much later.

On October 14th, Mike Wheeler disappeared. His sister, Nancy, upon going to wake him up for school the next morning, found him missing. Karen Wheeler was distraught, and started searching for him almost at once.

On October 15th, Richie Tozier was found in the Barrens, missing his glasses, and seemingly having suffered head trauma. He showed no recognition of his friends, or even his parents. he insisted his name was Michael, and continually asked to be taken to Hawkins, Indiana. There is no record of such a town existing.

On October 15th, Mike Wheeler was found in the woods outside of Hawkins, wearing a tattered pair of jeans and a Hawaiian shirt. He insisted his name was Richie, and seemed to be in need of glasses, despite his friends and family testifying that he has never worn or needed glasses. He also asked for someone by the name of “Eddie Kaspbrak”.

In a place outside of time, somewhere unaffected by anything, two ancient entities met.

“You are not supposed to be here.” The Turtle rumbled, and the beast

of shadows had no response. The Turtle seemed to glean something from its roiling depths, as it laughed to itself.

"I see. This will be interesting." The Turtle resolved to keep an eye on the two boys. However, he quickly found himself unable to do that, as the following Wednesday, he choked on a galaxy, and died.

And so, Richie Tozier and Mike Wheeler were trapped in worlds that were the same, but oh so different. What would happen next, there was no telling.

Richie had no idea where he was. It was dark, and echoey. Other than that, he couldn't figure much out. He had been wandering for what seemed like forever. Eventually, he heard a voice from nearby. "Hello? El? Nancy? Will?" He spun towards the source of the sound. "Hello? Where the hell are we?" The boy turned towards him; eyes wide.

"Woah, hey. Who are you? Do you know where we are?" Richie frowned, shoving his hands in his pockets. The boy shook his head.

"I think we're in the Upside Down." The boy replied. Richie had no idea what the hell that was, and said as much.

"It's like this... alternate dimension. Like our world, but dark, and evil."

"Oh, like the Deadlights! Or where It came from!"

"D-Deadlights?"

"Alright, I think we're operating on two different wavelengths here. Let's get a few formalities out of the way." Richie stuck out his hand.

"Hi, I'm Richie Tozier, me and my friends defeated an immortal demonic child eating clown the other week. How are you?"

The boy crinkled his nose, shaking Richie's hand hesitantly. "I'm Mike Wheeler, me and my friends killed an interdimensional monster that kidnapped my friend."

Richie nodded. "Alright, so, I may be way off here, but I think we're from different universes. We have similar stories, not to mention we look like twins, or cousins at least."

Mike nodded, frowning. "I know El's talked about stuff like this before, alternate dimensions and universes." He gasped softly. "Wait! I wonder if this is where she goes when she uses her powers!"

Richie made a face. "Alright, lots of stuff to unpack there, let's focus on the main questions. 1: How much does your friend know about this stuff? 2: Is it just me or do you feel like we're getting further

away?"

Mike frowned, and nodded. "You're right, it feels like there's a veil going down between us." His eyes widened suddenly.

"Whatever's happening, we don't have much time! Find Eleven, tell her to use the radio to try and find me!" His voice grew fainter, like the two were being pulled in opposite directions. "Tell her what you told me! She'll understand! She'll explain what she knows!"

Richie nodded vehemently, and rushed to get what he needed to say out before it was too late. "Tell the Losers we didn't kill It! That whatever's happening, it has something to do with It! They'll explain too!" Mike nodded, his body fading.

"If we don't meet again, tell El- "His voice faded, and he disappeared. Richie felt himself being pulled away, towards something far away from this dark place.

Riche woke with a gasp, looking around sharply. There were a few adults he assumed were his family scattered around the room. He remembered them from when he had woken up in the woods the first time, right before he passed out in the hospital. Everything was still blurry, and he tried to focus on who he assumed was his mother.

"Hey." His voice came out raspy, and he winced. One of the blurry figures stood up, coming towards him.

"Mike, oh my god! Are you ok?"

"Good question. Who are you?" Blurry Figure Number One started a little. "This isn't funny Mike. I'm Nancy, your sister."

"Nice to meet you. Where are my glasses?"

"Glasses? You don't have glasses."

"Well, I can't see anything right now, and you're just a blurry person shaped blob, so..."

There a pause, and the sound of someone rustling around in a bag.

"You had these in your pocket...?"

Blurry Figure Number One, or Nancy, handed him a pair of glasses, which he quickly put on, sighing as everything came into focus. Blurry Figures One through Four solidified into actual people. He frowned, sighing. "Alright, everyone humour me. Who are you all, and how am I related to you?"

The adults' faces seemed to fall at that, but Nancy just looked annoyed.

"This isn't funny, Mike."

Richie shook his head. "I'm not joking around, I promise. Just humour me on this"

The man in the corner, the one with the police uniform, spoke up first.

"I'm Hopper, the police chief. That's Nancy, your sister, and those are your mom and dad." He gestured to the man and woman in the corner. Richie nodded, sitting up slightly.

"I gotta talk to uhh..." He racked his brain for a moment. What had Mike called her? "I gotta talk to El."

Hopper frowned. "Why do you need to talk to El?"

Richie made a face. "It's hard to explain. Also I don't trust any adults at the moment."

Hopper sighed, and stood from his chair. "Karen, Ted, leave us be for a sec. Nancy, you too." They obliged, leaving just him and Hopper in the room.

"Alright kid, you better explain right now, because there's no way I'm bringing Eleven here till you tell me what's going on."

Richie sighed, sitting up straighter. "Ok, but I'm telling you now, you won't believe a damn word I say."

Hopper chuckled dryly. "Try me."

Notes for the Chapter:

fic title from all this and heaven too by florence and the machine

chapter title from long road to ruin by foo fighters!

next chapter from Mike's pov

(edit as of 11/28/19. i reread the chapter, and fixed any typos/capitalization errors i could find. plesse point out any more if you see them)

2. tell me what you want me to say

Summary for the Chapter:

Mike meets the Losers, Richie meets the party, and chaos ensues.

Notes for the Chapter:

mike is here!!!! also richie meets el!!! lesbians!!!!
losers!!! bev is a great person!!!! mike realizes he
might be gay for eddie!!
chapter title from no light, no light by florence and
the machine

"So, you're telling me, with all seriousness, that you're from an alternate dimension. And *in* this alternate dimension, you defeated a child eating clown, *in the sewers*, and you and your friends all lived to tell the tale." Hopper looked incredulous, but to Richie's surprise, he hadn't immediately carted him off to an insane asylum after he had finished telling the police chief his story.

"Yeah, basically."

"And then, not a month after you and your friends beat up said clown, you had a conversation with Mike in the Upside Down, then woke up outside Hawkins?"

Richie made a face. "No comment on the Upside Down thing, since I have no idea what that is. I guess it's like the Deadlights, but you have no idea what *those* are, so... Could I see Eleven now?" Hopper sighed, and seemed to think for a moment. Then, without warning, he stood and left the room. A moment after he left, Nancy came back into the room, looking a mix of concerned and apprehensive.

"Was all that true? With the- the clown, and you really not being Mike?"

Richie shrugged helplessly. "Yeah. I'm sorry, I wish I could say I knew how to get your brother back. But that's why I need to talk to Eleven,

because Mike said she might be able to help." Nancy nodded, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"I know El will fill you in on most of the stuff, but I'll just let you know a few of the basics now. None of our parents know what happened, except for Ms. Byers, since she's Will's mom, and Hopper, since he's kinda like Eleven's dad. The only people that know about everything are Dustin, Lucas, Will, Max, Steve, Jonathan, Robin, and me. You'll meet them all in time." Richie nodded along as Nancy talked, trying his best to make sure he remembered everything she told him. He opened his mouth to ask her another question, but at that same moment, Hopper reentered the room.

"Alright kid, they're letting you out of the hospital. Your fr- Mike's friends are all wanting to see you, so you can meet them in the lobby, and go home after that. You and El can meet up tomorrow, since I'm sure your parents will want to make sure you're safe at home tonight." Richie nodded, a sudden wave of tiredness hitting him like a train. A nurse came in, and unhooked the IV from his arm. He hovered near the door to the waiting area as Mike's parents signed some paperwork, and then finally went into the waiting room. The instant he entered the room, a small group of kids stood up, and he was almost immediately enveloped in a group hug. He chuckled a little awkwardly, hesitantly accepting the hug. The small group consisted of three boys about his age, and a redhead, who hovered nearby.

"Uh, hey guys. Wh-what's up?" The kid with a red, white, and blue hat shook his head. Richie vaguely recognized him as Dustin, from the short rundown of his friend group Nancy had given him.

"What's up with us? Seriously? What's up with you!? You disappear for a day, then just show up in the woods near Mirkwood! What the hell happened, man?" Richie shrugged again, anxious to get home, away from all these people who seemed to know him so well. "I don't know man, I just woke up there." He laughed awkwardly again, cautiously stepping out of the hug. "Well, I'm pretty tired, what with, you know, everything. I think I'm gonna go pass out for like 24 hours."

Dustin laughed, clapping him on the back. "I respect that man, but

you better tell us what happened later, alright?" Richie nodded, sighing in relief as the rest of the kids stepped away from him. He let his- Mike's parents escort him out, and fell asleep five minutes into the car ride back to their house.

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When he woke up, Richie didn't know where he was. The bed he was in was unfamiliar, and his room was missing its usual assortment of posters and dirty clothes scattered everywhere. Slowly, the events of yesterday came back to him, and he relaxed little by little. He took in the room, and swung his feet out of bed. He pulled on the first clothes he found in Mike's dresser, because it felt weird to him to dig through someone else's drawers, even if they were *technically* his clothes. He made his way downstairs, after two wrong turns, and somehow finding himself in the basement. He was greeted by his *very* enthusiastic parents, but he was able to escape their attention by saying he was hungry, and had a headache, both of which were true. He found Nancy in the kitchen, making what appeared to be bacon and eggs.

"Hey kiddo." She paused, and glanced around, then lowered her voice slightly. "By the way, what's your name? It feels a little weird to call you Mike."

Richie blinked, caught slightly off guard by her question. "Um, it's Richard, but I just go by Richie. Thanks for uh- thanks for asking." Nancy smiled at him, scooping the contents of her pan onto a plate, and slid it across the table to him. "Here. I don't know if you have any allergies, or if they'll even carry over, so I made something kinda simple."

Richie smiled back, immediately starting to shovel the food in his mouth. "Thanks Nance."

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"M going out with my friends, mom!" Richie yelled back into the house, and quickly shut the door behind him before his (Mike's?) mother could protest. Nancy was in the car, having agreed to drive him to the mall to meet up with El, as well as the rest of his friends,

as well as a few other kids who knew about everything.

They were mostly silent on the car trip there, the only sound being the radio, playing some old rock song Richie didn't recognize, and the rumble of the engine. He found himself staring out the window, scrutinizing the town as it passed by. It seemed so strange to him, being in this town that was so similar to Derry, yet so different.

"Hey Nancy?"

"Yeah?"

"What if they don't believe me?" The question had been nagging at the back of Richie's mind for a while, but he hadn't voiced it yet. He wasn't sure what he would do if no one believed him, or tried to throw him in an asylum like they did with Bowers.

"They will." Nancy sounded so sure of herself, Richie really couldn't argue. He watched out the window as they pulled up to the mall, and took a deep breath, before opening his door. He did his best to look confident as he strode up to the door, where he spotted a small group of kids hovering. He recognized some of them from the hospital, but there was another girl, with short brunette hair, and a few older kids he didn't know. One of them spun as he approached the doors, and waved to him.

"Mike! Hey man!"

Richie waved back hesitantly, choosing not to call back till he reached the doors. "Hey guys. How's it going?" He attempted to act cheery, like nothing was wrong, but he *heard* how strained his voice was, and couldn't suppress a small wince. He spun as the girl with the short hair spoke.

"Hi Mike."

"Hey El." He had no idea if that was Eleven or not, but he figured if it wasn't, he'd be able to explain soon anyways.

"You said you had something important to say?"

"Yeah, uh... let's go inside." One of the older kids spoke up this time,

offering to let them talk in the backroom of where she worked. Nancy shot her a grateful look, and the girl winked at her. Richie pointedly *didn't* notice Nancy blush slightly, turning away from her. Nor did he notice how the two sat close to each other on the counter in the backroom of where the girl (Robin) worked. He *definitely* didn't notice the fact that neither of them seemed to be able to keep their hands off each other, despite how descreet they were trying to be. No sir, he saw none of that. Instead he focused his eyes on the ground, staying silent until Nancy spoke up again.

"So... Richie. You said you had something important?"

"Richie? What do you mean Richie? That's Mike." Richie sighed, finally taking his eyes off the ground.

"I'm not Mike. That's why I wanted to talk to Eleven. You know how Mike went missing?" There was a chorus of mumbled 'yeah's and 'uh huh's. "Whatever happened, me and him... switched bodies? I'm not sure exactly. Before I woke up in his body, we met in this sort of... in between place. It was super dark, and echoey."

"The Upside Down." That was El, sounding a mix of alarmed, and understanding.

"Sure. That. Where- Where I came from, the closest thing to that would be the Deadlights, which I'll explain in a bit. But the long story short is, he told me to tell Eleven that whatever happened has something to do with the Upside Down, and that she'd explain. I don't know if my strange otherworldly evil deity is responsible for this, or yours, but i don't know how I got here, and I don't know how to get back."

Mike didn't know where he was. There was a group of kids around his hospital bed, all looking concerned. He sat up carefully, and the kids all looked over at him. His brows furrowed as he tried to remember what happened. Then, it hit him. Richie. The Upside Down. Alternate dimensions. He sucked in a breath, looking around wildly. He didn't recognize any of the people in the room. He coughed, already feeling the beginnings of a headache behind his temples. "Bev." He mumbled, wincing at how raspy and sick sounding

his voice was. The girl sitting in the chair nearest his bed sat up straighter.

"Yeah? What do you need, Rich?"

Mike shook his head slowly, concentrating on what Richie had said. "D-Deadlights. Richie said to... to talk to you. Something about the Deadlight? He said you'd explain." He made a frustrated noise. "M not Richie. He's... he's me? I'm him? The Upside Down. We were in the Upside Down. He said to tell you what he told me." The group of kids all looked confused.

"What do you mean you aren't Richie?" The smallest of the group -a kid with a fanny pack around his waist who reminded Mike of Will a little- asked. "Of course you're Richie." The kid shook his head. "Did you hit your head or something, 'Chee?"

Another kid spoke up. This one was taller, and had a mess of curly brunette hair. "And what do you mean 'The Upside Down'? What's that?"

Mike shook his head again. "We- we met. He said to tell Bev everything. He said... 'It's not dead.', whatever that means. I think his words were 'whatever's happening, it has something to do with It. It's not over.' D-do you guys know what that means?"

The group of kids exchanged alarmed looks, and Bev sighed softly. "Alright. First things first, who are you, if you aren't Richie?" The rest of the small group looked at her incredulously, but she ignored them.

"I-I'm Mike. Wheeler. Mike Wheeler." *Good job. So smooth.*

"I'm Beverly Marsh, and that Eddie Kaspbrak, Stanley Uris, Ben Hanscom, Bill Denbrough, and Mike Hanlon." She paused. "We might have to come up with a different nickname for you. Or we'll just call you Wheeler."

Mike shrugged weakly. "Wheeler works, really. A few of my friends call me that anyways."

Bill nodded, sighing. "Duh-do you know how to cuh-cuh-contact Richie again?" Mike shook his head.

"When we first talked, I think we were both asleep. Maybe next time we're both asleep...?" Bev nodded, and slung his arm around his shoulders. "Well, until we get Richie back, consider yourself an official member of the Losers Club!" The rest of the kids all smiled, some more hesitantly than others, and crowded around the hospital bed to clap him on the back, or ruffle his hair. Mike smiled, relaxing. He didn't need to worry, after all.

Notes for the Chapter:

hey so this was supposed to go up way earlier but i have play practice like every night from 6 to 9 and thats usually when i write so i'm having to slip writing in between meals and school and play practice and my Other Assorted Activities and also writing my original book, but!!! there should be weekly updates!!! also i changed the chapter goal bc i rewrote a few plot points in my outline for how thisll go so theres not a definitive amount of chapter i know i'll hit but i feel like the question mark is taunting me

also also can you tell that i'm more partial to richie than mike (coughs at the fact that i wrote like twice as much richie stuff this chapter) i swear next chapter will be mostly mike :')

HEY ITS NEWT FROM THE FUTURE I FORGOT TO ADD THAT I FORCED MYSELF TO FINISH THIS CHAPTER BY LISTENING TO [THIS](#) SO IF ANYONE WANTS TO SUFFER GO LISTEN TO THAT????

Author's Note:

be aware i literally never hit preview on my works so expect edits to be made and typos to be corrected in the hours following updates kabskdh

B please dont hesitate to point out any mistakes i make (other than forgetting to have a new paragraph for everytime someone speaks i sometimes forget to add a break at the end of dialouge